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"What fools these Mortals be!"



Puck

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LEFT AGAIN.



PUCK

Edited by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,

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GREAT THINGS are doing about now out in St. Louis. There are two Expositions in full blast in that good old town to-day, and the hotel keepers and trolley companies are reaping a golden harvest. For a brief hour or two the great majority of American citizens are more interested in the temporary show than in the one that is to last all summer. It is no cut and dried performance that is to be witnessed there in the coming few days, but

a good old fashioned Democratic tussle in which the lines of demarcation between the pros and cons are drawn so hard and fast as to give promise of a pretty fight. The results are being awaited with much interest and in some quarters with positive anxiety. Whatever the outcome may be it will be a relief to have it over with, and if things should so transpire as to cause the loosening of Judge Parker's organs of speech we are sure pretty nearly everybody including his opponents will be gratified.



THAT THE distinguished Jurist is safe and sound is all very well to say, but there are still thousands of voters in the country, who, while willing to grant his safety would like to hear some of the sound.

IT IS a matter of regret that the active Mr. Raisuli, of Tangier, did not lay his plans so as to capture Elijah the Third before that vociferous profit escaped from the other hemisphere to afflict this one with his protuberant verbosity. We could have spared Dowie at least until the Campaign is over, and his early return to us at a time when the country is long on exhortation of one kind or another is but additional proof of the truth of the old saying that it never rains but it pours. The only valuable thing that has come from the unexpected turning up again in our midst of the Father of Zion City has been his own official classification of himself in the animal kingdom. "I am not a Democrat," said he the other night in a public speech, "but a Theocrat." It is not of very great importance to the world at large what kind of a rodent Dowie is, but that he should definitely fix himself among the species is a point gained.



THE PLATFORM of the Republican Party after a thorough inspection has been marked O. K. by the proper authorities, and is considered by those involved to be perfectly safe for them to stand on, or at least to stand pat on. It is an interesting document in many ways and has the one very great merit of brevity. An expert in handwriting could get it all on a postal card without much difficulty and in legible characters. It is entirely free from the taint of vulgarity and no careful man need be afraid to leave it on the table of his home where his wife or daughters or young children are likely to find it. We find no internal evidence in its form that it was phrased by the President of Columbia University, as some misguided enemies of the Party have been sarcastic enough to intimate, nor does its rhetorical quality suggest that it was written by the Candidate for the Presidency for whose instruction it was made, save in respect to the one point that it reads as if it had been dashed off in a hurry by one who had other things to attend to. For similar reasons we do not believe that it was written by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, who is a finished literary artist, and keeps so thoroughly in touch with Boston that his pen is never sloppy whatever the demands upon it may be. Moreover, Mr. Lodge is a Historian of standing and the History of the Platform is very weak. However, the authorship of this declaration of principles is a matter of no importance. We should be neither surprised nor in any way affected to learn that it was written by one of Mr. Roosevelt's promising sons, although we are free to admit that if this were found to be the truth, the work would be extremely credit-

able to the young man who did it, as well as to any other school-boy below Sophomore rank in the country. The fact that it fills all the needs of the Candidate for the moment and appears to satisfy the Party by which it was adopted is sufficient, and we congratulate its sponsors upon having got through with that part of their job so comfortably, and without saying anything in particular.

PUCK is glad to be in possession of the Inspector's memorandum upon which the final report on the durability and safety of the Platform was based, with leave to print. This reads as follows:



Self Appreciation	100
Directness	54
Literary Finish	47
Adaptability	100
History	43
Satisfaction with Administration	100
Satisfaction with Roosevelt	100
Clarity	69
Evasion	84
Fairness to Opposition	64

761

The average is thus shown to be seventy-six and a fraction and since seventy-five is the passing mark the structure may be regarded as secure. Moreover, the Inspector has scribbled at the bottom of his memorandum, "Well provided with Exits." This leaves nothing to be desired by the most exacting Candidate.

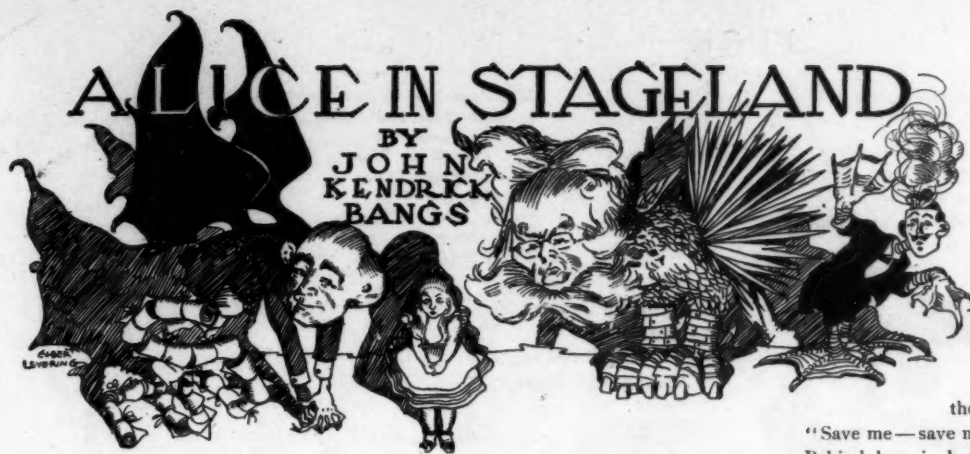
WE HAVE as yet been unable to make up our minds which is the clearer statement of intention on the Tariff question, the Republican plank or Judge Parker's silence.

THERE ARE some points upon which political platforms are silent and perhaps properly so. Yet it must not be inferred from this silence that thousands of people are not more deeply interested in them for the time being anyhow than in the topics our statesmen choose for our discussion. To-day, vitally interested as we all are in the document to which we have already referred, which has been stamped with the approval of our Chief Magistrate, there are beyond the Presidency and any large or small man who may aspire to its honors, the interests of the plain every day citizen of this nation, his safety—not his honor for that is pretty well established,—but his safety: his actual hold in this life upon life and limb. Corporations may hit us in our pockets. They may deprive us of a few of our alleged liberties and all that and we don't care very much. But when it comes to putting our lives in jeopardy—that is another story. Are we to be permitted to take our pleasure with a reasonable assurance of safety or not? With Roosevelt or Debs in the Presidential Chair may we go from New York to Hunter's Island, from Boston to some harbor in Maine, from San Francisco to Oakland with a reasonable sense of immunity from danger? The answer should be yes. The answer in view of the General Slocum's fate seems to be no. And why? Because merely the laws are deficient and the system inefficient. Life preservers that were so many anchors have been passed as perfect by these precious officials of ours. A thousand lives have been lost because of the inefficiency of our federal inspection. To-day half a hundred excursion steamers warranted safe by Mr. Secretary Cortelyou's department are floating in our own and in neighboring waters potentially hells of destruction to human life. And again, why? Not so much because Mr. Secretary Cortelyou's Inspectors are inefficient as they seem to be, but because the laws of these United States are framed by people who do not think enough about the welfare of the people to protect them against the chance accident which is overwhelming in its devastation. They do not even see the thing—the awful thing—that is before them. That awful thing is the wooden steamboat, manned by the cohorts of the Grim Commander seeking his harvest. Even now there are men who, in the pursuit of wealth, send out into the waters so-called pleasure craft known to be inflammable, burdened with women and children. This should be, must, and we believe will be stopped. Men talk of hardship to corporations, and with some justice in times when the corporation is held responsible for all human error; but here is a case where guilt is grimly established, where privilege is clearly insisted upon and in which reform is urgent.

No wooden steamship in New York or any other waters to-day should be permitted in the light of the Slocum disaster to leave her pier with a single human soul on board. There is no "hardship" to corporations that is commensurable to the possibility of loss of life to a single human being.



A FRIEND of PUCK suggests an article on President Roosevelt's "Splendid Isolation." It is not a bad subject for the *North American Review*, but for his own use PUCK would prefer a short paper on the same statesman's "Magnificent Insulation."



II.

ALICE MEETS THE PINEROODLE AND OTHERS.

"GET UP," said the Pink Pajama Girl, as Alice, all of a tremble, knelt before the Lion. "What are you going down on your knees for? He won't eat you. He's only a papier-maché lion. His teeth are made of plaster, and that big red tongue of his is nothing but flannel."

"But his roar frightened me so!" sobbed Alice.

"Ho!" laughed the Pajama Girl. "That is n't his roar. It belongs to the theatre. He does n't even carry it around with him; do you, Leo?"

"Nit!" returned Leo, with a yawn. "What's the use of going about with a noise like that inside of you when you can have a hired man to take care of it for you? I'd rather keep the space the roar would take up for food. You don't happen to have a leg of mutton in your pocket, do you?"

"No," said Alice, smiling. "I have n't."

"Nor a boiled egg neither?" asked the Lion, wearily.

"No," said Alice. "What do you take me for, a restaurant?"

"Not at all," returned the Lion. "I just thought you might have something to eat with you. I've noticed from the stage lots of times that the matinée girls are always chewing on something, and I hoped maybe you had some of it along, because I'm hungry as a bear. What's up, Pinky?"

"I am taking Alice through Stageland," Pinky answered, "and I want you to go along as a sort of protection, if you don't mind."



"Why, certainly," Leo answered cordially. "I'll go with pleasure, only I don't think you'll really need me."

"But we'll feel safer," said the Pink Pajama Girl; "especially when we meet the Pinerooodle and the Sizzling Suder Man."

"The What?" cried Alice.

"The Pinerooodle and the Sizzling Suder Man," repeated the Pink Pajama Girl. "They are the most horrific creatures in Stageland. They live in a dark cavern in the middle of a black forest along with the Maeterlinkidink and the Two-Horned Ibsen.

They lie at the mouth of this cavern and pounce on lonesome ladies that happen to be passing, and turn them into drammers."

"Mercy!" cried Alice. "Do you think we'd better go? I'd hate to be turned into a drammer, though I don't know what a drammer is."

"Of course," said the Pink Pajama Girl. "They won't hurt us with Leo along. And even if he was n't, we'd be safe. You see, you're too young to be of any use to them, and as for me, they would n't look at me unless I got married and tried to behave myself like a clergyman's wife. If I did that, the Pinerooodle and the Sizzling Suder Man and the others would soon be after me, and I'd have to come back and be a Pink Pajama Girl again. Their chief business in life is seeing that women shan't improve with age."

"Furthermore, and moreover," said Leo, "you've got to have a past about ten miles long and a trifle shopworn to be useful to the Pinerooodle or the Sizzling Suder Man. You never had a past, had you, Alice?"

"Not that I remember," said Alice. "Just what is a past?"

"Oh, it's a—er—a sort of inconvenience people have sometimes that they can't get away from, especially ladies," explained Leo, scratching his head. "Men can have 'em without anybody caring much about it, but when a lady acquires one it gets mixed up with her future until she does n't know where she's at. It's a kind of thing everybody gloats over until somebody in their own family gets one, and then there's the deuce to pay."

The travelers had been walking along the woodland path as the Lion explained to Alice just what a past was, and the little girl noticed that it was growing darker and darker all the time.

"My!" she cried, with a shudder, and drawing closer to her friend Pinky. "How dreadfully gloomy it is in here."

"Yes," said Pinky, "it's pretty pitchy. We are almost at the cavern now—just beyond the next turn is where the Pinerooodle works. He has to live in a place like this to get his atmosphere. The Sizzling Suder Man and the Pinerooodle would n't rank a two-spot in the sunlight."

As the Pink Pajama Girl spoke there came a terrible shriek from the darkness ahead of them, and, at almost the same moment, Alice saw a pale but very beautiful woman, clad in a rich orange-colored gown, trimmed with a lace of iridescent spangles, cut extremely décolleté, her eyes distended in horror, rushing down the path toward them, screaming as she ran.

"Save me—save me!" she cried.

Behind her, in hot pursuit, came no less a creature than the Pinerooodle. His eyes shone like huge rubies with incandescent lights behind them, and his serpentine body writhed and twisted with rage as his escaping prey took refuge behind the Lion and the Pink Pajama Girl. His mouth foamed with inky froth and altogether he presented a most terrible appearance.

"Don't let him take me back!" moaned the pale handsome woman, cowering before the gaze of the Pinerooodle.

"She belongs to me, and I'm going to have her," said the Pinerooodle, savagely, shaking his clenched claws in the Lion's face. "If you don't believe it, ask her to tell the story of her life, and see. You can tell by the strawberry mark on her past that she belongs to me."

"Oh, please, Mr. Lion, don't give me up to him," implored the weeping victim. "I have n't had any past at all, and he is trying to force one on me, and it's perfectly awful. Why, do you know what he wants me to do?"

"Sh!" whispered Leo. "There are children present."

"She has too a past," said the Pinerooodle. "One of the most dramatic ever, and I simply won't give her up, and right on the edge of a new season too. She beats Iris and Mrs. Tanqueray all hollow, and I must have her. Why, the Sizzling Suder Man has offered me a thousand dollars spot cash for her for a little Scandinavian play he is writing to be called 'The Woman of the Morgue.' Do you suppose I'd let go of a gem like that?"

"No, I don't suppose you would," said the Lion; "but I don't think you have any right to force her into a position she does n't like. So, my dear Pinerooodle, we propose to let the lady escape."

Inspired by the Lion's words, the woman rose to her feet and fled madly down the road, while the Pinerooodle stamped, and writhed and roared with anger, to find his pursuit blocked by the sturdy figure of the Lion.

"I hope they won't fight," whispered Alice to the Pink Pajama Girl.

"Oh, no," replied Pinky. "The Pinerooodle never fights. Fighting is n't his forte, he only dissects; but if he ever gets the Lion on his table—well, I'll be sorry for Leo. Vivisection won't be in it with what will be coming to him."

"Where's the Sizzling Suder Man?" suddenly asked Lion, calmly, offering Pinerooodle a cigar, as if nothing had happened.

"Up at the Asylum," said the latter sulkily, but accepting the cigar, nevertheless. "We're pretty busy to-day. Just had an order from Mrs. Campbell for a whole Gloom Cycle, which he and the Maeterlinkidink and the Two-Horned Ibsen and I are to do in collaboration, and he's gone over to the Asylum to see what we've got in stock. The Maeterlinkidink is making a blind man for us for the hero of the first of the series, and we're going to have him marry his sister, if we can find one of the right kind for a model in the Asylum."

"Great Scott, No!" roared the Lion. "You can't do that. The sister would know—"

"No she would n't, either," said the Pinerooodle. "She's going to be blind, too."

"But the clergyman?" demanded the Pink Pajama Girl. "Would n't he balk at a stunt like that?"

"He's a bank burglar masquerading as a parson," said the Pinerooodle.

"But do you think two blind people would marry each other?" demanded the Lion.

"Neither knows the other is blind," said the Pinerooodle.

"And don't they find it out after marriage?" asked the Pink Pajama Girl.

"No," said the Pinerooodle. "There is n't time. You see the scene is laid at Niagara Falls, and just after the ceremony the happy couple start out on their wedding tour, and on their way to the station, the automobile runs wild, and the whole party goes over the cataract. It'll be a great scene."

"Humph!" said the Lion, making a grimace and sticking out his red-flannel tongue as if he had a bad taste in his mouth. "What's the use of it?"



PUCK

"Oh, I don't know," observed the Pinerooodle complacently. "What's the use of anything?"

"I'd rather see the dramatization of a dead horse," said the Lion.

"Well, you never had any taste anyhow," retorted the Pinerooodle. "But who is this?" he asked, turning his eyes on Alice, who shrank before his gaze, for the great blinking orbs seemed to pierce her through and through.

"This is Alice," said the Lion. "A very sweet little girl twelve years old, and an extremely bright child."

"Bright, eh?" asked the Pinerooodle, with an unpleasant uplifting of his upper lip. "Are you really a bright child?"

"Some people say so," said Alice modestly. "I don't really know."

"How do you show it if you are bright?" demanded the Pinerooodle. "Do you stick pins into your baby brother for the fun of hearing him yell?"

"Never!" cried Alice indignantly.

"Very stupid of you. Do you ever pour cod-liver oil into the salad dressing so as to get the waitress into trouble?" asked the Pinerooodle.

"Never dreamed of such a thing," said Alice.

"Utterly lacking in imagination. Have you ever filled your mother's powder puff with bits of broken glass or hid a hornet in your grandfather's slippers?" continued the Pinerooodle with a frown.

"I would n't think of doing such horrid things," said Alice.

"Take her away," roared the Pinerooodle. "She is offensive."

And with that, the strange creature turned his back on the party and walked sullenly back to his den whistling a funeral march as he went. Alice breathed a sigh of relief as the Pinerooodle disappeared, and suggested that they get out of the woods as quickly as possible.

"We've got to go to the Asylum first," said the Pink Pajama Girl. "That's the trouble with this place. You can't turn back."

"But I don't like it," said Alice.

"No more do I," observed the Lion, "but we must go on. We shan't stay long at the Asylum, and perhaps the sight of a nice fresh little girl like you will bring happiness to some of the inmates. Here we are."

As the Lion spoke, Alice perceived that they had come to a large brick building some six or seven stories in height, gloomy of aspect and without a window from one end to the other of it, erected in the middle of what, judging from the miasmatic oozings all about it, must have been a swamp.

"Dear me!" cried the little girl. "What an awful looking place. How do they light it?"

"They don't," said the Lion.

"But—how do they ventilate it?" persisted Alice.

"They don't," growled the Lion. "Light and air would ruin the business of this Asylum—the Pinerooodle Home for Lost Ladies."

In response to the ringing of the bell, the door was opened and Alice was disturbed to hear wailings and maniacal laughter from within.

"Really, I'm scared to death," she whispered to Pinky. "Can't we get out of it?"

"Not until we've got into it," said Pinky. "How can you get out of a thing you've never been in?"

"Well, what do you want?" demanded the Porter at the door, before Alice had a chance to reply.

"We want to visit the Asylum, of course," said the Lion gruffly. "What do you suppose we came for—to pick up sea-shells?"

"Have you got a permit?" the Porter began.

"What's the matter Bjames?" came a squeaky voice from up-stairs.

"There's a Lion and two girls down here and they want to visit the Asylum, sir," replied the Porter.

"Let 'em in," said the voice from above. "It'll make the patients mad, and I want to work 'em up a little. They're not nervous enough to be much good to-day. Come right up-stairs."

"The Suder Man says you may come in," said the Porter, opening the door widely, so that the visitors might enter. But if Alice had expected to see any horrible sights, she was disappointed, for while there may have been some there to see, none were visible, since from top to bottom of this huge building all was inky darkness. All they could do was to grope their way along through black corridors with only gruesome sounds to keep them company. There were plaintive sighs and occasional shrieks and deep, soul-stirring groans, until finally a great deep bell sounded and for an instant all was quiet. Then the squeaky little voice that had bade them enter began to sing:

*If it were not so dark you'd see
The finest writer that there be
Of Gloomy, Tomby,
Rheumy, Doomy,
Realistic Comedy—that's Me—
The Suder Man—a Humorist,
A Doomster and a Gloomerist,*

*Who deals in Woe and Miseries,
In Faithlessness and Jealousies,
In Human Folk
Beneath the Yoke
Of an appalling,
Creeping, Crawling,
Galling Gang of Nemesis;
The Captain of a Ruthless Clan,
The Slithering Sizzling Suder Man.*

"Oh, dear," cried Alice. "I am so frightened, Mr. Lion. Please let us get along."

"Shut up," said the Squeaky Voice. "I have n't finished my song yet." And again it began:

*Some sing of Sweethearts and of Love—
Ha-ha—the deuce with that;
I'd wring the neck of any dove
That ventured near my flat.*

*Some sing of dawn and sunny skies—
Ho-ho—what fools they be!
The fog, the swamp, the oozy rise—
Those are the things for me.*

*Some sing of children and their games—
Oh, Tut! What Tommy Rot!!
I sing of lost or tarnished names
And manhood gone to pot.*

*Some sing of Faith, and happy days—
Oh, stupid shallow pates—
Give me the faithless underways
That lead to Satan's gates.*

*The world is vile, the world is bad,
No soul hath title to be glad;
There is no light, there is no air,
There's nothing worth while anywhere
That's worth a pin
Excepting sin.*

*So come with me and we will sup;
We'll drain to dregs the Poisoned Cup,
And toast the Immortality
Of Broken Faith and Misery.*

There was a pause, during which no sound was heard. All was deathly silence, and then in a jiffy the bell sounded again, whereupon from all sides of her Alice heard soft feminine voices joining in a chorus, which as she recalled it afterwards, ran something like this:

*We're the ladies of the drammer of to-day.
We're the creatures that they hammer at the play.
We're the Magdas rather speckled; we're the Ebbsmiths lank and freckled: and the
harried, harassed, heckled Tanqueray.*

*We're the heroines of Mister Pinero.
We're the ladies that they blister at the show,
In our manners we are haughty; in our ages nearing forty; and our pasts are rather
naughty, don't you know.*

*We are figments of the brain of Sudermann,
Bjonny Bjornsen, and the strain of other Scan—
Dinavians who write of the very horrid plight of the woman not of white, but of tan.*

*'Mongst the virtuous we'd get, if we could.
But Alas! they will not let us be good.
For the minute that we try it, living happily in quiet, there's a racket and a riot in
the wood.*

*And the Pinerooodle grabs us when we try;
And the Sizzling Suder nabs us as we fly.
And we find we must be vicious, sad and weary and pernicious, ostracized and meretricious
till we die.*

And then such a din of groanings and wailings and crazy laughter as followed! Indeed it was too much even for Leo, who, bidding Alice grab hold of his tail and hang on, fled madly back to the door and out once more into the wood never stopping until they came to an open field. There standing in the sun, Alice was delighted to see the dear old Scare-crow whose antics had so amused her in the earlier scenes of the "Wizard of Tulu."



PUCK



WHY NOT MAKE THE FARM ATTRACTIVE FOR SUMMER BOARDERS?

Be sure you're right and then go ahead and find out whether you are or not.

PUCK



HIS LOGICAL EXCUSE.

"What do you mean by staying out until this time of night?"
 "Why, Birdie, I was—hic—'vestigatin' to see if they're really keepin' the lid on!"

A BALLAD OF PROVINCIALISM.



*Now, this is the law of the Gotham press, the creed of the Editor:
 Print ye the talk of the town Noo Yawk, and the rest throw on
 the floor.*

It was a curious Gotham man, that over the Hudson hied;
 For he yearned to know of the passing show in the wide, wide world
 outside.

"I'm weary of Tenderloin, Tombs and Track, up-river and Tammany slates;
 I've heard it said, and I've somewhere read, that there is a United States.
 I've somewhere read, and I've heard it said, 't is a marvellous countree;
 But I'll be rammed and eternally jammed if ye prove the tale by me."

When he woke next day he was far away, in the town of the west man's pride.
 They brought him his coffee and eke his eggs, and a paper they laid beside.
 The coffee it cools, but little reck's the man from Gotham Town;
 For he has taken the paper up, and he can not put it down.
 For he has taken the paper up, and it holds him in a spell.
 Wide is its range, and many and strange are the things it has to tell.



THE CHANCE OF HIS LIFE.

FARMER JASON.—So you want a job, eh? What can yer do?
 FROLICSOME FRISBIE.—Nothin'.
 FARMER JASON.—Well, I can't give you a job of that kind,
 but it seems to me you might get a job somewhere as a war cor-
 respondent.

North and south, from the Yukon's mouth to the Dismal Swamp, it
 gleams;

From old York State to the Golden Gate and the far-off Philippines;
 News from Oregon, News from Maine, News from New Mexico,
 Texas, Illinois, Georgia, Connecticut, Idaho.

The curious man from Gotham Town reads on with a kindling eye.
 He hath a paper that printeth news, and he can not put it by.
 The coffee is stale and the eggs stone-cold, but he reads with might
 and main;

And when he has read it, ads and all, he reads it o'er again.
 Then the table he smites, a mighty blow that jingleth all the plates:
 "Now, I'll be jammed and eternally rammed—there IS a United
 States!"

*But this is the law of the Gotham press, the creed of the Editor:
 Print ye the talk of the town Noo Yawk, and the rest throw on the floor.*

B. L. T.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WAR.

WAR is hell; but so is work, for most men.
 Besides, war sooner than work will raise little men to
 big places.
 Finally, jewty in khaki calls louder than jewty in denim.



THE HOME AUTO.

No fines, no speed limit, no break-downs and no repairs.

CONSIDERABLY DILUTED.

"SAWNEY boasts that he can trace his ances-
 try back to Edward the Confessor, who
 reigned in England in 1042."

"Oh, well; at this distance from Edward
 the Confessor one of his descendants would
 not be apt to have more than about one-
 billionth of a king in his composition, so I
 fancy Sawney is not royal enough to hurt."

THE REASON WHY.

"ARE we to make the bricks hereafter with-
 out straw?" said Moses to the Egypt-
 ian boss.

"Yes," growled the latter; "those bloom-
 in' new Panama hat concerns have gobbled
 up the whole output."

And Moses sadly withdrew.



**If women knew that all men are alike there would be no marriage. If men
 knew that all women are alike there would be no bigamy.**

DIARY OF PERDICARIS.

PICKED UP IN THE SAND NEAR TANGIER, PUCK'S CORRESPONDENT
SECURES IT—THRILLING TALE OF LIFE IN THE
LAIR OF A BANDIT.

TANGIER, Morocco, June 18th.—I send you the story of the year; a portion of the diary of Ion Perdicaris, written doubtless while he was a captive of the savage and mercenary brigand, Ahmed Ben Abdulla, Shereef of Raisuli. The pages were found in the desert by an inbound caravan and brought to Tangier, where your correspondent promptly secured them. The diary is as follows:



SANDHURST, Center Morocco, May 25th.—How time does fly, to be sure, even here in lethargic Morocco, when one is enjoying oneself. This is the fifth day of my "captivity". I can scarcely believe, indeed, that it is five whole days since my friend and neighbor Raisuli—Ah! What a sad wag is this same Raisuli!—dropped into my study at Aidonia-on-the-Bluff and insisted on my coming to his house-party. Genial, generous, whole-souled Raisuli! He would n't take no for an answer. But now that I've enjoyed his rare hospitality for nearly a week, I am glad in the extreme that he would n't. He is

a pomegranate of the first crop—Raisuli is; and as for this place he lives in, it is certainly Allah's own country.

The only thing that mars my complete enjoyment is the haunting fear that my friends, if I have any, may worry about me. I admit, from their standpoint, there is more or less provocation, and my present inability to explain matters in detail, or even to dispatch a single reassuring message, will have, I fear, an effect quite the opposite of the one I would desire. But how I talk! Cheer up, I say to myself, lecture dates will soon be ripe. If my countrymen believe I am captured, starved, tortured and all that, all the more of them naturally will flock to my sensational "Tarred in Tangier and Feathered in Fez," which already I am preparing.

May 26th.—It is just as I thought. The whole world, by this time, is aware that I am here—Me, Ion Perdicaris of Aidonia-on-the-Bluff, Tangier P. O., Tangier. I was never so prominent in my life. Already I see myself on the Lenten platform at Carnegie Lyceum. Ah, bliss!

This morning, when Mohammed Ben Chumpa brought up my Tom Collins, (Mem.—There is nothing like a Tom Collins before breakfast.)—he remarked to me respectfully, after the manner of his kind:

"Resplendent Orb—Brother of the Western sunset and Cousin-german of the mackerel sky, the boss is down stairs and he wants to see you."

"Who? Raisuli?" said I.

"You're on," was Mohammed's Moorish and measured reply, "he's waiting in the palm-room;" saying which, Ben Chumpa bowed low and backed out of the door.

"Hello, there, Ion—old horse!" cried Raisuli, heartily, when I made my appearance—(Mem.—for lecture—Old Horse, a Moorish term of endearment and affection; applied usually to intimate friends or to favorite steeds; becoming obsolete.) I noticed that a copy of the *Tangier Trumpet* was in Rassy's lap, and that he seemed in exceptionally high spirits. He laughed as he said to me:

"Well, Old Horse, everything is great, large and huge. My scheme is panning out beautifully. His Excellency, Governor Absadek, the people's choice, either pays me your ransom, which as you know is a mere fraction of your real worth, or he sees the town of Tangier lose both shape and symmetry."

"What do you mean, Rassy?" I asked, breathlessly.

"I mean," said he, rising in his enthusiasm, "that both you and I are made. Our plans and specifications are complete in every detail as successful men of the hour. You—as an escaped and heralded lecturer. This"—here he modestly pointed to himself—"this, a Moorish maze of money."

"United States Warships are now en route for Tangier—see special dispatch to the *Trumpet*. Arriving, they will inform friend Absadek, with their thirteen inch guns, that unless he secures your release and safe conduct from me at once, they will push Tangier deftly from its foundations. Absadek, I think,



or the Sultan, will presently draw a small check in my favor. What did we suggest as your ransom?"

"About \$50,000, Rassy," I reminded him.

"Exactly," said Raisuli, toying with a golf club, "about \$50,000, and from what I know of Honest John Absadek's sense of discretion, I'll be Ellen M. Stoned if it is n't paid."

"However," he concluded, in a lighter vein, reaching from his couch and pushing a button, "that need n't bother us now, Old Horse, so what'll we do to-day? Shall we finish that two-some? Or shall I tell Ben Chumpa to set up the Ping Pong table?"

May 27th.—This has been a busy day and I am fagged out. I am writing this entry at night, by the light of a Moorish lamp, which Mohammed Ben Chumpa is holding for me. Rassy and I rose early and after a Tom Collins or two, did 18 holes before breakfast. When he gets my ransom, Rassy is going to import a load of sod and grow some grass on his putting greens, the sand shifts so.

After breakfast, I worked at my lecture until lunch time. (Mem.—Must get Rassy's recipe for Stuffed Dates à la Oasis. Best ever.) Beat Rassy at tennis this afternoon, 6—0, 4—6, 6—4; and this evening, attended the Bridge Whist Party of the Associated Harems at the Sandhurst Casino. Very tired.



May 28th.—Slept late. Practiced declamation and gesticulation before the mirror. Sent Mohammed Ben Chumpa home to Aidonia for my 8x10 camera and three rolls of films. If the light's good, I'll get some pictures to-morrow.

May 29th.—Got some bully pictures for my lecture. They will make Peary's and Landor's look like Coney Island tintypes. The subjects are as follows: Me, on the sand on my back,

with Rassy standing over me with an upraised sword in his hands; Me, with my hands tied behind me, sitting backward on a horse, with a guard of Rassy's hired men around me; Me, bound to a stake by ankles and wrists.

I hope the pictures will come out O. K., but it was all we could do to keep from laughing. Beside taking the pictures, I prepared to-day, at Rassy's suggestion, my "Intercepted message." It stops abruptly at the words—"They are starving me." On the sheet, it will look great. (Mem.—Must think up some plausible way for it to get into my possession.)

May 30th.—Decoration Day. Rassy can't think what has delayed the champagne. He ordered three cases of it, day before yesterday. Our supply is getting alarmingly low, only a case left. We are on half rations.

May 31st.—The best of news. The warships and the champagne arrived together. The ships at Tangier, and the wine at Sandhurst. Rassy feels sure, now that the ships have come, that my ransom will arrive in a day or so. Dear old fellow! I am glad to do him a favor, he is so exceedingly grateful. He can't seem to thank me enough for allowing myself to be captured. I tell him the change has done me good. Have gained six pounds.

June 1st.—Golf in the morning, pool in the afternoon at the Casino, pinochle after dinner. Hope my friends in America are not worrying.

June 2nd.—Quiet day. Rassy had a story to write for the *New York World* and I had my films to develop.

June 3rd.—Too hot for anything but the basket-chair and repeated silver fizzes. We had our first disagreement to-day, Rassy and I. Rassy insists that his share of the lecture returns shall be 40% of the gross receipts, payable quarterly. He claimed, were it not for him, there could be no lecture. I claimed, were it not for me, there could be no ransom. It was Rassy's treat.

June 4th.—Have yet to hear definitely from Absadek. My lecture is done and I am anxious to return to Aidonia, but don't like to leave Rassy after promising I'd—

That is all. By the time this reaches you, however, current events will have filled out the story.

—Curtiss Cabletolls.



The individual sense of honor which leads to duels is not particularly
falsely than the national sense of honor which leads to wars.



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THE GRIM COMMANDER.

PUCK





JUVENILE JUDGMENT.

MOTHER.—Yes, Dorothy, it is the meek people who go to heaven.

DOROTHY (*thoughtfully*).—But I should think chesty people would set off a crown better.



WHY WAIT FOR DEATH AND TIME?

[*"Truly great literature is always with us. Why do we ever wait for Death and Time to crown all?"*—CLEMENT SHORTER in *"The Sphere."*]



HOLD it truth with him who weekly sings
Brave songs of hope,—the music of *"The Sphere,"*—
That deathless tomes the living present brings:
Great literature is with us year on year.
Books of the mighty dead, whom men revere,
Remind me I can make *my* books sublime.
But, prithee, bay my brow while I am here:
Why do we ever wait for Death and Time?

Shakespeare, great spirit, beat his mighty wings,
As I beat mine, for the occasion near.
He knew, as I, the worth of present things:
Great literature is with us year on year.
Methinks I meet across the gulf his clear
And tranquil eye; his calm reflections chime
With mine: "Why do we at the present flee?
Why do we ever wait for Death and Time?"

The reading world with acclamation rings
For my last book. It led the list at Weir,
Altoona, Rahway, Painted Post, Hot Springs:
Great literature is with us year on year.
"The Bookman" gives me a vociferous cheer.
Howells approves. I can no higher climb.
Bring, then, the laurel: crown my bright career—
Why do we ever wait for Death and Time?

Critics, who pastward, ever pastward peer,
Great literature is with us year on year.
Trumpet my fame while I am in my prime:
Why do we ever wait for Death and Time?

"Even for Him."

An English publisher advertises: "Mr. William Le Queux has written, in *'Both of this Parish,'* a story of surpassing interest, even for him."

If Mr. Le Queux was held captive by his own yarn, it is very good of him to let the public know it. Readers are always pleased by such revelations. What would we not give for Shakespeare's private opinion of *"King Lear"*?

But a foolish modesty restrained the authors of an elder day; otherwise bookstalls and stagecoaches might have been placarded with announcements of the following sort:

"In a letter accompanying the manuscript of *'Cousin Pons,'* M. de Balzac writes: 'I do not recall a novel that has fascinated me in a like degree. I finished *'Cousin Pons'* at one sitting.'"

"Publisher Simmons announces that in *'Paradise Lost'* Mr. Milton confesses he has quite outdone himself. So interesting did he find this great poem that he requested his daughter to read certain passages to him many times."

"Of *'Vanity Fair,'* announced for early publication, Mr. Thackeray said to a friend: 'This novel held me from the opening chapter to finish. I fancy it will hold posterity a while.'"

"Mr. Fielding says of *'Tom Jones,'* which he has just completed: 'I am not easily entertained, but during the composition of *'Tom Jones'* my shrieks of laughter might be heard a mile. I was so interested in writing this great book that I was unable to skip a word.'"

Summer Reading Guide.

The following carefully selected list of books suitable for summer reading is confidently recommended as the coolest thus far offered. Take no other.

Fiction.

The Snow Image. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.
The Frozen Deep. By Wilkie Collins.
Snowbound at Eagle's. By Bret Harte.
Snowflakes and Sunbeams. By R. M. Ballantyne.

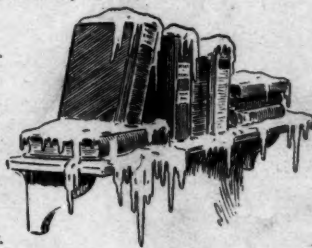
Poetry.

Snowbound: A Winter Idyl. By John G. Whittier.
Mint Juleps I Have Known. By Henry Watterson.

Scientific and General.

The Cause of an Ice Age. By R. Ball.
How the Railroads Fight Snow. By F. Lynde.
Farthest North. By Fridtjof Nansen.
Greenland Ice Fields and Life in the North Atlantic. By G. Upham.

Bert Leston Taylor.



PUCK



TIP TO TRAINERS.

VISITOR.—What have you got that automobile-horn for?
ATHLETIC TRAINER.—Oh, our crack jumper is going to try for the record. We think he'll jump at least three feet further, if he hears this horn behind him!

HIS PLACE.



“**I**T WAS my automobile landed me here,” said the first shade, reminiscently. “I thought that with my \$1500 one I could equal the record of a \$3500 one, and here I am.”

“It was only a trifling stomach ache started me,” said the second shade, bitterly. “I’m here, but I don’t know what the doctors did with my vermiform appendix.”

“I was fool enough to go gunning with a friend who was always telling me what a splendid shot he was,” said another, sadly.

“I was rash enough to take a bet that I daren’t walk across Broadway,” said the fourth, sourly. “I think it was an automobile, but maybe it was only a street car.”

“I was a Christian Scientist, and got pneumonia,” said another, with a sickly grin.

“Health foods, grain coffee, hygienic underwear, physical culture,” said the sixth, musingly, “they’ll fetch the best, give them time.”

“It was love brought me to this pass,” said the latest arrival, mournfully.

“Ho, ho, ho! A victim of love!” gibbered all the rest of the ghosts, scornfully. “Go down to the lake of fire and brimstone, and tell that to the marines.”

“It is absolutely true,” persisted the latest arrival, man—or rather ghostfully. “I was a strong and robust man when I fell in love with a girl I met on my vacation. She was just a sweet little frail and delicate girl, fond of out-of-door sports, and I could see no danger in her. So we golfed together all morning, played tennis or had a gallop or climbed a mountain or two in the afternoon, and danced all night. I remember there was a lot of squash and fishing and tether ball and canoeing and bridge and swimming and I don’t know what all too, but I can’t figure out exactly now where she got time for them. Anyhow, I stuck the pace out till the end of my vacation; then I went to a rest cure, and from that I graduated to here.”

“Imbecile! Lunatic! Ass! Madman! Idiot! Fool!” shouted the shades, unanimously turning their backs on him. “Go over and flock with the rest of the suicides. If you did n’t know better then to try to keep up with a modern girl’s pastimes you’re no fit company for sensible spirits.”

Alex. Ricketts.

A SOULFUL YEARN.

“**I** WISH,” said the Hon. Thomas Rott, politician, “that one’s creditors would form the habit of seeking him in the coy and elusive fashion that the average office employs in seeking the man.”

THE DUSK WITCH.

DE DUSK WITCH cum when de sun go down,
En he prow! En he prow!

En he prow!

En he prow!

He shake de limbs in de timbeh groun’

Till he wake up Misteh Owl.

He draw his cloak cross de sunset skies

En he change de red to gray;

He blow his bref en de swamp mists rise

Down deh wheh de black mink stay.

Hush! hush, ma honey, yo’ betteh keep still,

Who’m det callin’ but Bre’r Whippo’ Will!

De Dusk Witch cum in a hood ob gray,

En he roam!

En he roam!

En he roam!

He rouse Bre’r Cricket in de chimly clay

En de mole in de gahden loam.

He tech de stahs en dey lighten up,

De dewdrops stah to shine.

He mak’ det moon lak a big red cup

Hung up on de dahk sky line.

He wuk so swif’ in de late twilight,

De Dusk Witch cum befo’ Mis’ Night.

De Dusk Witch cum when de day am daid

En he flies!

En he flies!

En he flies!

He sif’ det san’ in yo’ trundle bed

Till it seal yo’ lil brown eyes.

De blac’ owl hoot in de cypress bough

En de brown bat circle low;

De Dusk Witch cum foh Ah see him now,

He doan min’ de walls noh do’.

Dess close up yo’ eyes, mah lil brown chap,

He das’ sent take yo’ fum brac mam’s lap.

Victor A. Hermann.

RATHER QUIET AFFAIR.

MRS. WATERSTOCK (*just back from Europe*).—So Blanche Roxton got married at last? I understand it was a very swell wedding?
MRS. RITCHIE.—You’ve been misinformed;—why, even the precinct reserves were n’t called out!



IN DARKEST AFRICA.

THE MONK.—Claws to grind! Teeth to grind!

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THAT'S ALL!

ANOTHER ONE OF THEM.

"I've met several other people from your city," said the Bostonian, "and every one of them said: 'Where is it at?'"

"Where is what at?" demanded the New Yorker. — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

EASILY DISPOSED OF.

"The man who called here this morning," said the secretary, "said that you promised him something."

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "find out what it was, and then assume the responsibility of promising it over again." — *Washington Star.*

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AT THE SHORE.

EDITH.—When I accepted Jack he said he was in the seventh heaven of happiness.

ETHEL.—Quite likely—he's been engaged to six other girls this season.

LACKING IN THE FIRST PRINCIPLES.

HICKS.—I don't care what you say. I tell you that pitcher can't be any good.

WICKS.—Why not?

HICKS.—Why, just look at him! He pitches the ball straight off at the batsman without going through any preliminary movements. — *Somerville Journal.*

A DIFFICULT LANGUAGE.

"The Russian language must be very difficult."

"Yes," answered the statesman. "I have observed that some people who have been familiar with the language from infancy don't feel quite sure of a Russian diplomat's meaning when he seems to be expressing himself in the simplest terms." — *Washington Star.*

We suppose that when the angels want to dress up and look pretty, they tie a piece of blue sky around their waists. — *Atchison Globe.*

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THE MANAGER'S PLIGHT.

(A College Story.)



HE college football manager was more or less cast down.

"You say," said he, to the assistant manager, "that of all the promising players from the preparatory schools, but two will enter here?"

"But two," repeated the assistant manager, dejectedly. "Trippemup of last year's Perkins Academy eleven and Anklebrace of St. Felix School. I tried hard for the others, but could n't land 'em."

For a while, the manager looked, with vacant, despairing eyes, out the dormitory window. This, remember, is a college story.

"Did you do exactly as I said?" he inquired, finally.

"Yes," was the assistant's reply, "in everything. I offered Leatherpads, the Hollow School half back, free tuition, his books, and \$8 a week, but Graften-burg College bid \$2 a week higher and got him cold."

"What did you offer Shinguards, Pipp Academy's star man?"

"Shinguards of Pipp?" repeated the assistant, consulting his note-book; "let me see. Oh, yes. Here we are. I offered Shinguards, if he would play with us, the same inducements I made to Leatherpads, with this added. I said we'd not only give him his books for nothing and his tuition fees, but we'd have the books bound in any style leather he fancied. Also, we'd guarantee his election in freshman year to the Eta Heapa Pi fraternity. Yes; I thought I had Shinguards cinched, but a big stiff alumnus from Yaleton showed up just then and queered my bid for fair by going it one better all around, and throwing in, beside, an upright piano and a case of champagne. Gee! I was hot."

"Hot?" queried the manager. "I should say so! Did you try Tackle-ton of the New York private school?"

"Yep. But he's got some fool notion about going to the same college his father went to, where they won't pay a cent more than \$4 a week for the best half-back living. I offered him \$5, but there was nothing doing."

For a minute, both manager and assistant were lost in somber thought.

"Ah, well, it can't be helped," said the former at length. "Competition in our line is so frightfully fierce, it's a wonder we get anybody. Great Scott, though"—here he sobbed—"think of the disgrace! Think of having to have next fall an almost amateur team!"

Then the moans of the assistant were mingled with those of his chief, just as the chapel bells rang out; this, recollect, being a college story. A. H. F.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

JACK.—Ned proposed to Dolly last week, and she refused him, but I notice that he goes to see her now oftener than he did before.

TOM.—Yes, he told me yesterday that he has n't any fears of a breach-of-promise suit there now.—*Somerville Journal*.

DESPERATE.

HE (at 11.58 p. m.).—Will you marry me?

SHE (wearily).—Yes, if you'll go home right off now.—*Somerville Journal*.

WHEN a man gets punished for wrong-doing, he usually claims he was an innocent bystander.—*Atchison Globe*.

A DETERMINATION.

The statesman, with impressive mien,
Arises and surveys the scene.

"I'll show the world," he says, says he,

"Just what a statesman ought to
be—

I will, as soon as I get through
Collecting mileage that is due.

"I'll show them how the great and wise

The glitter of base gold despise;

I'll show them how a master mind

It's joy in thought and toil may

find—

I will, as soon as I get through
Collecting mileage that is due."

—*Washington Star*.

NONE THERE FOR HIM.

"Charity begins at home," began the quoter.

"Well," the clubman interrupted, "if it begins at my home it must start out to work before I get home in the morning."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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IT SEEMS LIKELY.

FIRST POET.—Have you ever written anything that you feel sure is going to live?

SECOND POET.—Well, I wrote a promissory note last week that I feel pretty sure will last for ninety days.—*Somerville Journal*.

HIGH living does not make lofty living.—*Ram's Horn*.

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned husband who gave satisfaction if he were a "good provider?"—*Atchison Globe*.

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THE SERIOUS PART.

MRS. McCALL.—I tell you this discussion of the servant girl question is a very serious thing.

MRS. HOUSE.—It is, indeed. You can't tell what minute the servant girl will overhear you.—*Phila. Ledger*.

TRAIN up a child in the way he should go, and keep right along with him yourself.—*Somerville Journal*.

"WHAT is a calendar month, pop?"

"Why, January is one, my son; that's when we get most of 'em."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THE men, rebelling because they are not pictured as Madonnas, are beginning to have their pictures taken with the baby, leaving the mother at home.—*Atchison Globe*.

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TOO SLOW.

THE HARE.—Your reputation for slowness gives you a great advantage at election time.

THE TORTOISE.—In what way?

THE HARE.—They can't accuse you of being a repeater.

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING.

"Well," said the plain citizen, "I guess it won't take you long to get used to your new duties."

"I guess not," replied the newly elected member of the Legislature; "I've learned to play poker already."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

PATIENCE.—Yes, Bob Brief, the able counselor, proposed to me last night in true legal style.

PATRICE.—And that smacking noise we heard later?

PATIENCE.—Oh, he was just summing up.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Bitters that benefit mind and body: Abbott's Angostura build up wasted tissue, brighten up the mental, and make new men and women.

GIVES WHAT HE DOES N'T NEED.

WILLIE.—Pa, what is a philanthropist, anyway?

PA.—A philanthropist, my son, is merely a man who has more money than he can possibly use himself.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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UNFAIR TACTICS.

THE FOXY FARMER.—I'll make believe I've just planted
 somethin' here so 's tew keep thet there pesky rooster an' his
 fambly away from my vegetable beds fer a few days, anyway.

HARD ON THE EAR.

MRS. CHURCH.—Has your child got an ear for music?
 MRS. GOTHAM.—No, I think it was ruined when she was quite young.
 My husband used to sing to her.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

TACT.

"Has your mother finally consented
 to your marriage with Dick?"

"She dotes on him just because she
 pities him. I don't for a minute
 think that he is as short-sighted as he
 pretends to be, but he rushed in Sun-
 day evening, kissed mother twice, and
 apologized beautifully by telling her
 that he thought he was kissing me."—
Detroit Free Press.

You know how selfish you are?
 Well, you can judge from yourself how
 selfish others are.—*Atchison Globe.*



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HANDICAPPED.

BIFKINS.—I know one girl who
 does n't try to conceal her age.

MIFKINS.—What's the explanation?

BIFKINS.—She has a twin brother.

—*Columbus Dispatch.*

TURNING THE TURF.

"Nearly time for turning over the
 turf, is n't it, old man?" asked the
 young man of the farmer.

"Yes," replied the countryman,
 looking at his plaid hose; "better be
 getting your golf sticks ready."—
Yonkers Statesman.



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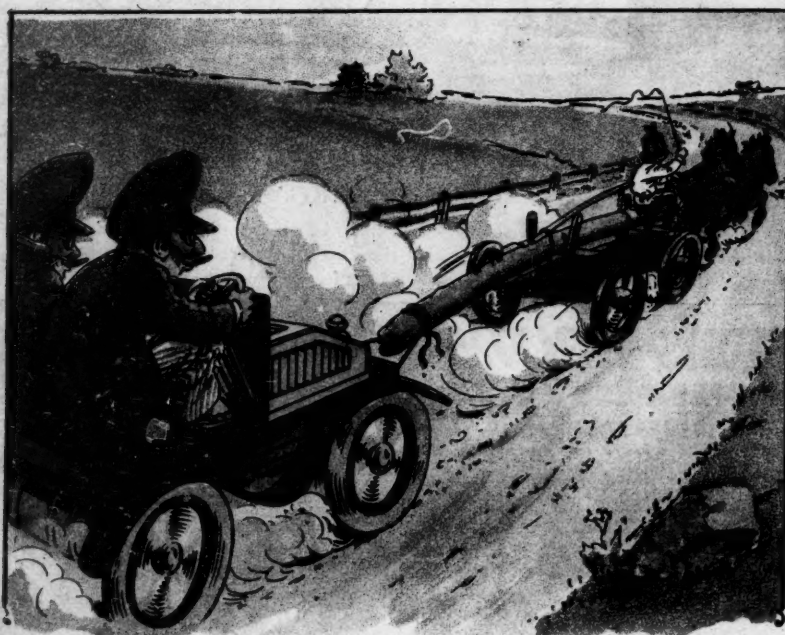
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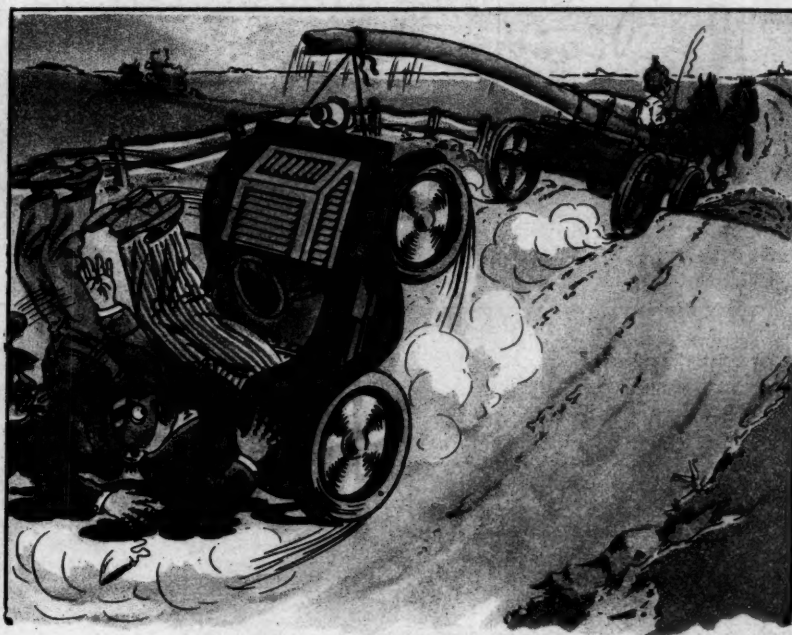
I.
THE HIRED MAN.—Hello, by Heck! There's the durned auto that skeered my team so. What's up, I wonder.



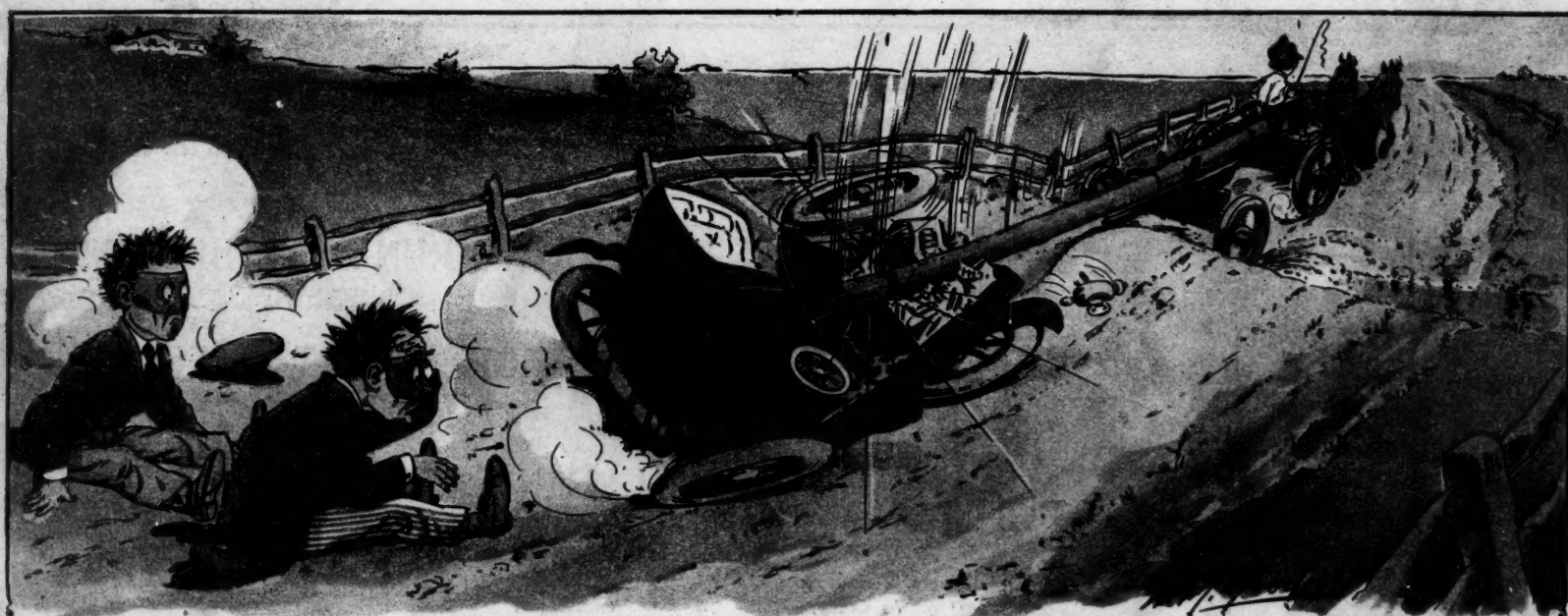
II.
THE MOTORIST.—Say, m' friend, give us a lift to the next town, will you? We're out of gasoline.
THE HIRED MAN.—Why, cert'nly.



III.
THE MOTORIST.—Mighty lucky we were able to get—



IV.
"—a lift!"



V.
THE HIRED MAN.—Hope them fellers appreciate what I'm doin' for 'em.

A HELPING HAND.